## E BROKE BY EMERSON HOUGH AUTHOR OF "THE LADY AND THE PIRATE"

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Kitty Gray, a newspaper woman, finds half of a broken coin, which arouses her surjosity, and leads her to the principality of Gretzhoffen to piece out the story suggested by the inscription.

She calls on Count Frederick, who attempts to detain her. She is rescued by Roleau, who had shadowed her as the count's agent, and then had become her friend.

Brought before King Michael of Gretz-

friend.

Brought before King Michael of Gretzhoffen, Kitty Gray, confessing the object
of her visit, is given the other half of
the broken coin. It bears the words:
"Torture chamber, treasures of the King."
Later, fearing that the half coin will be
stolen from her, she sends it back to the
King by messenger. Kitty overhears a
plot against the monarch and warns him
not to drink any wine at the ball that
evening.

not to drink any wine at the ball that evening.

The King remained sober, frustrating the plans of Frederick to start a revolution. But when the messenger delivered the package from Kitty to the King the coin had disappeared. Kitty overhears Sachio plotting with another person to overthrow Gretzhoffen, indicating that he has intercepted her messenger and obtained the half of the coin she had sent to the King.

Roleau follows Kitty, saves her from attack by a stranger. Sachio startied by the noise drops the coin. The stranger seizes it and makes off with Kitty in pursuit. Later Roleau and Frederick follow her. She traces her man to the band of desert brigands.

Frederick and Roleau save Kitty from the brigands but Frederick is captured. Kitty sends aid and rescues him. She then goes to Frederick's apartments to get the other half of the coin. She is seized there by agents of Sachio and led off while Frederick returns to find both Roleau and an agent of Sachio in the house.

Kitty escapes from Sachio after a brief

house.

Kitty escapes from Sachio after a brief imprisonment, and with Roleau goes again to Frederick's apartment to recover the coin.

## CHAPTER XXXIV. The Trap.

ADEMOISELLE, give it to me! Let us end all this." The voice of Count Frederick was agitated. For once he had met a situation sufficient to shake him from his calm.

Kitty Gray made no answer, as she shrank back, the coin tightly clasped in her hand. She cast on him a look so full of womanly anger as might have scorched him-an anger now devoid of fear. Caged, trapped, left without resource, helpless in the hands of her enemy, still she seemed deadlier than that enemy now. She was like any weak creature which, finding itself cut off from liberty, grow barren of fear and full only of desperate resent-

"Will you not?" The man's voice had in it now something almost of pleading. Count Frederick felt something of shame at his own part in this. "No!" she answered at length, her

own voice low and even, panting out the words. "No, I will not. Come and take it from me if you dare. You have done that once, why not again?"

He turned away with a sudden gesture, his face red in chagrin over the invites of her faunt.

ture, his face red in chagrin over the justice of her taunt.
"You remember that?" said he.
"What remains? Must I be yet more rude with you? It is not that I like the part, Mademoisselle; be sure of that. It was not myself but my man who laid hands upon you that other time."

I was not myself but my man who laid hands upon you that other time."

time."

"He is still your man. You yourself still are willing to persecute a woman and a stranger. You are no better than he."

"No." spitefully.

He remained silent for a time, at length sighing. "Quite right." said he. "Neither would I, if our positions were Suppose I am not, then Does it

look as though you would gain much by defying me? Come, now. The coin is nothing to you; it is everything to me. I swear it is more than I thought it ever would be. It is life and death for me, and more than that, Mademoiselle. Would you stand between me and an ambition such as that? I me and an ambition such as that? If would repay you a hundredfold in any way you needed, if you would but listen to reason. But perhaps a woman does not know the word for reason."
"No, I do not. I remember only one word, and that is hate for you! When my chance comes I shall still remember that. In turn, I will put you behind the horse if ever the opportunity.

the opportunity shall stay there hind the bars if ever the comes to me. And you shall stay always for all of me. I hate you! Count Frederick smiled s always for all of me. I hate you?"

Count Frederick smiled grimly.
There is comfort in that word, mademoiselle," said he. "Rather that than leaden-eyed indifference, at least. But as for me. I do not hate you, neither am I indifferent toward you. I only—at least, mademoiselle, I try only to think of the coin and what it means to me."

"If it belonged to you, monsieur, it would have gone to you long ago. If ou ever owned it you would own it

sudden change came over the face of the nobleman as he caught the con-letion in these words. They touched or him some consciousness long left

"Just what I have said This coin noves, evades, does it not? It is here moves, evades, does it not? It is here mine again. Always it comes around gain to me. Is it not so? It comes me again. Why Because it knows is mine again. Always it comes around again to me. Is it not so? It comes to me again. Why Because it knows t is safe with me, and nowhere class it finds with me liberty, and not tyraphy. Think you it would find any of these things with you?"

What do you mean?" His voice still a solution of the second of the

What do you mean? His voice Stin-was low, intent. eager.
"Again, just what I said. Listen!
When Frederick, Count of Gretzheffen.
deserves this coin; when he earns it;
when he gains title by virtue of right
thoughts, and deeds, then perhaps it
will come to him; surely not before.
This coin," she held it now out before

This coin," she held it now out before her in her hand, "it will come eventually to that place where it belongs. It is seeking for that place now. The people really own it. They ask freedom and justice stad liberty. And now you ask me why I cling to it; why it clings to me. I suppose it is because the hing impels me, compels me to do what I have done."

Count Fdererick stood gazing at her for a time meditatively. "You say that 6 me?" said he, as though in soliloquy, 'ns you stand there helpless?"

But I am not at all hopeless. My people do not despair; we never stop?"

"Your people? I know little of them.

"Your people? I know little of them, ademoiselle. A great people? I must arn more of them."

You are learning something now. o you think I fear you? No, even now do not. This coin gives me courage; feel it burn in my hand. It talks to ne. even now. Hope? Why, yes, I am obliged to hope. I have escaped from as difficult adventure as this. My own errand is gone and past, forgotten long ago. As you say, that would not be large enough to induce me to take such tisks; that would not inspire me to

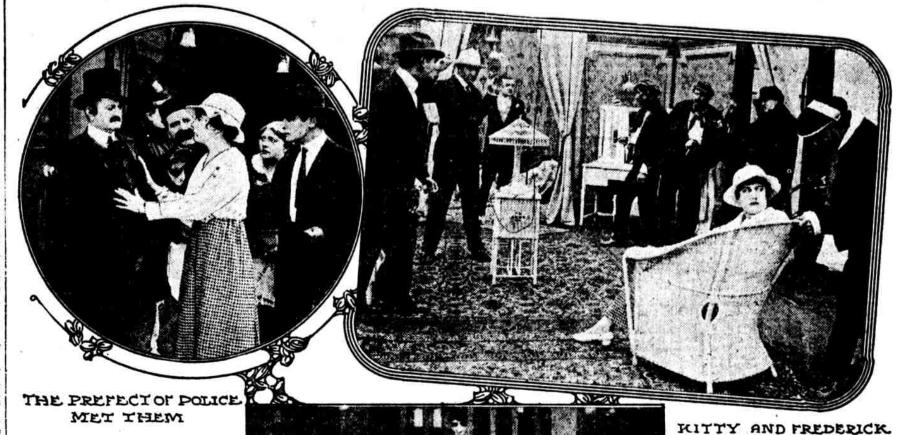
isks: that would not inspire me to such delay and trouble, such danger. But I am here, monsieur; I cannot say how or why, to see-To see what mademoiselle? What it that you seek?"

To see justice done! I do not know why I should say that, but I do say it. Monsieur prefers to stand between me and that ambition of my own; he prefers to keep me behind bars. He acks courage to meet even a woman face to face. So, then, at least you face to face. So, then, at least you shall know what I think of your manliness. For the rest, I wait. And to wait she appeared ready enough, indeed, for now she sank down,

Der hand still clenched upon the coin, and seemed to make no manner of bary and the seemed to seem the seemed to seem the seemed to seem to seem the seemed to seemed to seemed to seemed to seemed to seemed to seem to see the seem to see

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They advanced now through the great hall, down the wide stair and beyond the great outer doors of Count Frederick's palace. The count himself walked composed, his hands behind his back, clasping the walking (Continued Tomorrow.)



reversed. Nor would I, things remain-ing quite as they are!" He scanned her face keenly, and

saw; yes, he saw there a faint color come to her cheeks. He picked up the little picture and restored it to his pocket, tapping it lightly,

"There is no bargain concludes aid he. "So then I suppose we wait here until doomsday." viciously.

"Agreed, then, mademoiselle. With your permission, may I light a cig-arette." Till doomsday! I would rather spend my time here than an; place I know. I may look at you freely, and you cannot well deny me. I am safe from you, unless poison may be conveyed in a look, and in that case I am already lost. I may call for food and drink for us both as need be? Very well, let the years pass. I am content. Till doomsday, mademoiselle!"
The color deepened on Kitty's cheek now, and her eyes glowed yet more hotly, but she made no reply 'I shall raise the salary said Count Frederick lightly,

## CHAPTER XXXV. New Problems.

"Who-when was it?"

to speak in public."
"Speak; it is the law."
"Very well, then, it was Monsieur

The clerk laid a finger to his lips, as if to indicate silence, and beckoned the officer aside. But the latter shock

his head. "Take me to the room," said he.

"We will see what we can learn there."
"But stay," he added an instant later. "Walt for one moment. Guard

the stairs and all the exits, men. Keep the room just as it is until we can find al! the parties who have entered the room. We will confront them there with the evidence of the crime,

"Now, the young woman, which way did she go, think you? Where will we be most apt to find her? Quick, man!

we lose time."
"How can I tell, captain?" rejoined the clerk. "They go, they take a car, they disappear. I do not know where. Think you I would have allowed her

"The Count Frederick, when was he here?"
"Ah, that was before the return of

The clerk shrugged his shoulders.
"It is a woman," said he. "How can

"Certainly he could not have come had we any suspicion of it. But he was here apparently under cover of the law. He claimed the right of

search for something in that room in he name of the king."
"And what we now seek is proof

"Do not ask me," rejoined the clerk, weariedly. "We are wholly disturbed by this. Our hotel has for years been

known as the hotel of respectability

who as the hotel of respectability. We have never wittingly covered with our roof any character to whom the least suspicion could attach."
"But you say the Count Frederick was in her room? That is surc?"
The clerk nodded.
"Then we must find also the Count.

of what he sought."

you I would have allowed her had I suspected anything of

Meantime the agencies of the law were in charge of another situation which but now had arisen in the destiny of the dynamic Gretzhoffen coin. There had hawakened.
"What do you mean?" he asked, in been murder done but now over this as tow voice. "What is it that you look in the preservation. The city was exerting all its, the force usually employed in the preservation. tion of life and property. Swiftly a cordon of troops and of the local gencordon of troops and of the local gen-darmerie had been summoned into ac-tion. The exits of the town were guarded. The gendarmes filled the streets near by, some guarding the crossings, others converging toward the point of greater interest, whence the alarm had come—the Ritz hotel. The entire city was alarmed and on guard. That criminal must act swiftly who now could hope escape. A cap-tain of one squad of the gendarmes en-tered the hotel itself and swiftly ap-proached the desk where stood the man-ager of the hotel, the clerk, many

ager of the hotel, the clerk, many of the servants, including the hysterical maid who first had brought the news

of the tragedy,
"What is this, monsieur?" demanded the officer, as he approached the desk, his quick eyes glancing over every detail about him. "Remain here about him. "Remain here, all of ou. Let no one attempt escape. What s this, then?"

"We do not know, captain," began "Was he invited?"

"We do not know, captain," began the clerk, who acted as spokesmau.
"This maid brings the alarm; she de-clares a man has been found killed in one of our apartments. We have, as you know, our reputation to consider, monsieur le capitaine. Our hotel is law-abiding. We have been victimized if it appears that any of our guests has been of different disposition from that" it appears that any of our guests has been of different disposition from that,"
"What room was it, niopsieur?"
"That belonging to a young American woman, a Miss Gray."
"Where is she??"
"I do not know, captain. She was here but now. We did not see her enter, but saw her leave. She and her

man come and go often—som what mysteriously, as I must admit. We have not felt wholly satisfied for some time, but we had no lawful excuse to expel her from the house; she always haid; all explanations seemed regular. We found no absolute unseemly out now."

but now."
"When was she here last?"
"Within the hour, I was about to

"And who was with her?"

"Her man, whom I have just memtioned. They came in, apparently from the country; apparently from travel. They came in at the rear entrance, so it seems. Soon after her arrival a gentleman inquired for her."

"And where is that gentleman?"

The clerk looked about him. Count Sachio by this time had approached with inguired for the country was the victim?" he demands the clerk.

"Who was the victim?" he demands the count of the clerk.

"Who was the victim?" he demands the clerk whom we have had left kitty, glanced within, and found the room empty. He turned this way and that, not knowing what to do, and fearing to turn back toward the main stairway, passed deeper to the solution of this crime."

"Who was the victim?" he demands the looked and clear; "Roleau! Roleau! A moi: Vite! Vite!"

He hastened on down the hall, know-

of menace to his mistress. "There are things which even matters quickly, master. But as for this, I won't argue now. It is your own safety demands it. Listen, the men are coming—the Who are coming?"
The gendarmes. There is a charge of murder. They are after you, they are coming to search this house. If

pected some alarm.
As for the attendants of the

The servants, terrifiled, lacking the command of their master, not knowing where that master was, knew no

niternative but to obey. The door was opened. The captain of gendarmes

"The master of this place," he demanded of the men who met him. "Where is he? Is he at home?"
"We do not know," stammered the

we do not know, stammered the major dome, the first to speak.

"How long since he was here? Quick now, man, do you hear me?"

"Within the hour, yes, monsieur. But we know nothing of the Count Frederick. He comes and goes. What is lacking?"

That is our question. We want your moster, the Count Frederick. The charge

where he is, we must search this house."
"But, monsieur, captain, that is not permitted. The count will be furious. Surely he will answer any summons of the law; but to search his palace, we

the law; but to search his palace, we would not dare."

"It is so? We shall see. Guard him, men."

and while two of his detail held the servants in the lower part of the house, the others, led by the captain of gendarmes, started up the great stair toward the interior of the palace. Therefore they approached the position of Roleau, who had stationed himself in the hallway where the stair reached the

Roleau caught some sense of what

s severe enough. If you do

first entresol.

was in her room? That is sure? The clerk nodded.
"Then we must find also the Count Prederick."
The officer turned to his men. Those of you who remain, he said, will guard all these whom we have considered by the county of the room where he was coming on, saw the men approaching, and darted back to where his mistress, whose long delay he could not understand. He hurried swifty, on tip-toe, along the halls he knew so well, and naturally met no opposition. He reached the door of the room where he was to be a surface of the room where he was to be a surface of the room where he was to be a surface of the room where he was to be a surface of the room where he was coming on, saw the men approaching, and darted back to where his mis-tress, whose long delay he could not understand. He hurried swifty, on tip-toe, along the halls he knew so well.

and his squad entered.

they find you with her, trapped, what will they do? Open, master, quickly, I beg of you. It is for the sake of her and yourself." "What do you mean, man?" de-manded the count. "On what charge do they come, by what right do they enter my bours?" my house?

WERE HELD

"Is it so?" grinned Roleau savagely,

charge of murder, master. They have your men. below, helpless, arrested. They did not find me. Quick, we are ruined if they find us here." I do not run," said Count Frederick, slowly. "If there is such a charge as this, certainly we shall meet it, for it is our purpose as well as theirs to

find who are guilty. "Come now," he turned to Kitty as he drew the key of the lock from his \*\*Constant Persuades Frederick To reliable KITTY

"One other, monsieur le capitaine. yes."

"Who—when was it?"

"A gentleman whose name I dislike to speak in public."

"Speak; it is the law."

He flung open the iron grille. Kitty He flung open the iron grine. Kitty sprang down the steps, clung to the arm of Roleau. A flush came to Count arm of Roleau. A flush came to Count free the great avoided himself. There was, however, and in the carriain of grandarmes and his men Counte Frederick of Gretzhoffen."

"So, he also had something to do with this young woman?"

The clerk laid a finger to his lips. The clerk laid a finger to his lips. The clerk laid a finger to his lips. wirklows or the street door, whither they had been called by certain alarms. They had seen hurrying troops, had heard the challenge of the officers of the law. The challenge came closer to them, A little group of men marching hurriedly, men in uniform, now ascended the great stairs. A loud rapping came at the doors of Count Fraderick's palace. "Open, in the name of the king!" came the summons.

The servants terrified, lacking the The captain of gendarmes and his men

"Messieurs, welcome!" said Count Frederick. "But why are you here?" "Monsieur le comte, we ask pardon for the intrusion, but we must ask you to join us," replied the officer. He was impressed by the calm dignity of Count Frederick, as had been more than one man before his time. "For what reason do you desire our company, monsieur captain? Is there any charge against us?"

"There is a charge of great severity to be laid against someone, monsieur le comte. We ask your aid to deter-mine who that one may be. This young woman, who is she?" "I am Miss Kitty Gray of America," inswered the object of his suspicion. "This is my servant, Roleau. Who are

"We are of the imperial police, made-moiselle. Your residence is at the Hotel Ritz, is it not?" Yes, and why not? I am returning "Quite right, mademoiselle, but with With you, why?"

Because, mademoiselle, it is you hom we seek more than any other. murder has been done in your room t the Ritz Hotel. Naturally someone s under suspicion. Let me caution both you and Count Frederick not to What you say may be used as Count Frederick turned suddenly to-

yard Kitty, a warning in his eyes.

stood, therefore, silent, looking at the "I will so with you." said she at ngth. "Of course, all this is perfectly surd." Suddenly a tide of ancer seemed to ise in the soul of the nobleman as he contemplated the possible consequences of th's situation.

"What do you mean, sir?" he de-manded of the captain "As for me, I go, of course, because it is nothing. But I have the authority to demand freedom for all my people, all my family. Here are two, this man and mademoiselle." 'Indeed," smiled the captain. 'I have said it!"

She is under your protection, monsieur le comte? Count Frederick's voice was By GARDNER MACK.

heading the company, there will be friends of the old and the later stock organizations on hand to give welcome. Of course, there are to be several new and Manager Roland Robbins is the

his own mind upon the main situation of menace to his mistress. "There are

A feature of the first matinee to be given Tuesday, August 31, will be the distribution of souvenir albums containing photographs of A. H. Van Buren in his most successful roles.

Years ago when the average New Yorker's idea of the six or seven best things in Washington were leaving on schedule from the old station at Sixth and B streets northwest, the police reporter of a certain local newspaper was supposed to drop in at the baggage room every evening about this time of the year and note the amount of baggage piled up from incoming trains. When the piles reached the ceiling he was required to notify the city editor who would send a photographer to make a picture and the annual story announcing the end of the vacation senson and showing the piles of returning travellers' baggage to prove it, would be written for the paper. That was in the crude days of long ago. Now it is the duty of the dramatic editor to look in at the Belasco Theater office every device, we when Manager I. Stody.

## Twinkling Stars and a Satellite or Two

Home coming week would be the appearable title for inauguration of the Mystery;" Will Hodge in "The Road to Mystery;" Will Hodge in "The Road to Mystery;"

L. Stoddard Taylor has returned!
Having thus performed the annual task it might be mentioned that Manager Taylor has returned wearing the widest smile over a larger section of tanned face than Manager Taylor ever exhibited in Washington before. The ian and the additions to the face are the result of a very pleasant and health giving vacation in Maine. But the giving vacation in Maine. But the smile is what Whitman Osgood would call an "extraordinary stellar inclusion direct from a triumphant and epoch-making sojojurn in the metropolis of bright lights." It is just that, Drop-ning in at the Shuberts' offices in New York on his way back to Washington Manager Taylor was given a list of some of the attractions he will entertain

some of the attractions he will entertain during the coming season. Here is the way the list reads:

For the month of September: The Andraes Dipple wreating tournament week of September 6; September 12; "The Only Girl," by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom, which ran most of last season in New York; September 21, special ferewell visit of "Peg o' My Henri;" September 27. E. H. Sothern, in "The Two Virtues."

During the remainder of the season the attractions will include the San

During the remainder of the season the attractions will include the San Carlos Opera Company. In October: Granville Barker's production of "Androcles and the Lion" and "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife: "A Modican Ever." Doris Keane in "Romance." "A fair of Silk Stockings;" Phyllis Ne Iam Terry and the all-star cast in "Trilb." AI Jolson in "Dancing Around: David Warfield in a new play by David Belasco: William Favergham in "The Hawki;" Guy Bates Peet in "Omar the Hawki;" Guy Bates Peet in "Omar the Tent Maker." William Ellot in "Experience:" "The Passing Show of 1915;" "Maid in America" "Tonight's the Night:" Frances Starr in Marie Odife:" Louis Mann in "The Bubble;" "Hands Up;" "The Blue Faradise;" "At Last Alone; Joseph Santley in "All Over Town:" "A Full House;" 'Sinners:" Walker Whiteside in "The Ragged Mes-

new Poll season. With A. H. Van Buren, Mark Kent and Russell Fillmore others.

people to look over and approve, but the main attraction to the thrater will be old favorites and just a teeny bit of curiosity to see all of the mysterious things that Manager Cone has been doing to the thrater during the past four weeks and about which he is keeping to the there is a many as seven different languages.

It would be a very difficult thing to catternian and Manager Roland Robbins is the bright young man who is doing it. Several times this season the Keith manager has practically turned his theater over to interests outside the amusement business for the purpose of emphasizing the importance of some big public movement. Donation week he stolidly quiet in as many as seven different languages.

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weeks and about which he is geeping stolidly quiet in as many as seven different languages.

It would be a very difficult thing to attempt an original description of Van Buren or Kent of Fillmore—most of the things which people say about actors who enjoy the unusual popularity this trio has honestly earned have been said so many times in connection with them that the language has been worn threadbare. About the newcomers one might dilate at length, however.

Florence Rittenhouse, the new leading woman in America—and the prettiest. Up-to-date says is the best leading woman in America—and the prettiest. Up-to-date Thatcher and Dick Buhler are the only people among the Poli patrons who lave seen her, and Dick agrees with Thatcher with enthusiasm.

Blanche Friderica, who is to be the Blanche Friderica, who is to be the store of the people of the committee in the theater to the committee in charge and utilized one or two of the cators to get donations. Then came "War Brides" and the peace propaganda. "Milk" and the better baby campaign, and finally last week the Red Cross life-saving praachments.

Shortly Mr. Robbins proposes to stage a "Safety First" act as a part of his program, and the list is wide open for other enterprising social service concerns. The people who go to the theater have shown the keenest sort of interest in the things that have thus far been exploited, and the people interested in those things are independent to Robbins' day of having the theater of the committee in the actors to get donations. Then came actors to get donations. Then came actors to

Blanche Friderica, who is to be the character woman, was seen here with Guy Bates Post lest season, and Mark Kent, for whom she has been playing in Portland, Me., recently, declares she is the best he has ever seen. Figgy Cameron, the new ingenue is described with rapturous verbiage by young men and women who have seen her elsewhere and Raymond Walburn is equally well recommended.

The sale of seats for the opening week contactions as the efficiency of the original issue on Monday night, August 30, but there-was printed on the face of a babe. A after there will be daily matiness in-person who will smile just as an exon Monday night, Algust 30, 1011 in Fe after there will be daily natinees including Monday. Tomorrow morning a
score of electricians will begin the
crection of the large \$1,700 electric sign
which it is promised will dominate every
other illumination on Pennsylvania avenue.

The daily natinees inperson who will smile just as an experiment will frequently find a lot of
things to cause a second smile. It
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there will be daily natinees inperson who will smile just as an experiment will frequently find a lot of
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the crude days of long age. Now it is the duty of the dramatic editor to look in at the Eelasco Theater office every day or two. When Manager L. Stoddard Taylor returns to the city the vacation period is over.

L. Stoddard Taylor has returned!

Having thus performed the annual task it might be mentioned that Manager Taylor has returned wearing the widest smile over a larger section of tanned face than Manager Taylor every hibited is well age. Now it is mentioned that manager Taylor has returned wearing the widest smile over a larger section of tanned face than Manager Taylor every hibited is well age. Taylor every hibited in the season will be furnished with a brand-new play, a modern comedy by T. Wigney Percival and Horage Hodges the author Percival and Horage later in the season will be furnished with a brand-new play, a modern comedy by T. Wigney Percival and Horage Hodges, the authors of "Grumpy."

"The Laughter of Fools," by H. F. Maltby, which has had a London production, is one of the new plays Mr. Belasco will produce. The statement has been given considerable publicity that David Warfield will appear in this play. Mr. Belas o states, however, that he is writing a new play for Mr. Warfield, which is an adaptation of "The Czepina," a play of Russian court life.

"The Love Thought," which was tried out hat season, will be given another production. The Belasco offices also have in hand new plays by George Middleton, Frank Mandel, Mrs. Wilson Weedrow, and Archibald Sessions, and a poetic play by Maurice V. Samuels. Some time last season there were rumors that perhaps—accenting the perhaps just the slightest bit—Mrs. Leslie Carter would again appear under the auspices of her Uncle David But the Belasco

would stain appear under the auspices of her Uncle David. But the Belasco announcement is silent as to this—or, perhaps Wendell Phillips Dodge didn't think of it when he wrote the season's prespectus.